

THE HERALD  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
JAMES L. W. ELLIS,  
[To whom all communications on business must be  
addressed, pre-paid.]

TERMS.  
Per annum, in advance, : : : \$2 00  
In six months, : : : : : 1 50  
Three copies, in advance, : : : 50 00

TO CLUBS  
Of 10 the HERALD will be.....\$1 50 per copy  
Of 20.....\$1 25  
Of 30.....\$1 00

The money must always accompany the  
names of Club subscribers.

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out, and charged accordingly.

Those who advertise for six months or one year  
have the privilege of changing and renewing  
not exceeding once in three weeks.

We hope that the above will be plain enough to be  
understood by all—and that all who advertise will  
act in accordance with our requirements, instead of  
trying to force us to lower our prices. The Foreman  
of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining—  
This is without respect to persons: we have no dispo-  
sition to do work cheaper for a close-fisted customer  
than for our liberal patrons, who are willing to let  
Praters live.

The HERALD has an extensive circulation, an  
business man will find it advantageous to make use  
of its columns as a means of communicating with  
the public generally.

CASH.  
Since we have enlarged the BARDSTOWN  
HERALD our expenses have been considerably  
increased; we are therefore compelled to adopt the  
CASH SYSTEM. Our object in doing this, is to  
enable us to meet promptly the demands on us for  
CASH for Paper, Ink, Labor, Office Rent, &c., &c.  
Could we collect for us we go, it would be better for  
us as well as for our customers. From those who  
advertise yearly we expect payments quarterly.

For all transient Job Work and Advertising, when  
the money must be paid when the work is done—the  
rule is without exception.

## Amusing Story.

### THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

[The following capital story is from  
the pen of our accomplished townsman,  
CHARLES A. DAVIS. It was written  
for, and published in, the Knickerbocker.]—Home Journal.

It is now very generally conceded,  
that of all the inventions of man, none  
holds any comparison with the steam-  
boat. The mind can scarcely combine  
a calculation which may measure its  
importance. Some vague estimate  
may indeed be formed of it, by imagi-  
ning what would be the state and con-  
dition of the world, at the present day,  
were there no steamboats; were we  
still to find ourselves on board sloops,  
making an average passage of a week to  
Albany, exposed to all the disasters of  
flaws from the "downcomer," and dis-  
comfiture of close cabins; or ascending  
the Mississippi in a keel-boat, pushed  
every inch of the way, against its  
mighty current, by long poles, at the  
rate of "fourteen miles in sixteen  
hours."

It is now just thirty years (written  
1839) since the first steamboat ascended  
the Hudson, being the first practi-  
cal application of a steam-engine to  
water conveyance. Then, no other  
river had ever seen a steamboat; now,  
what river, capable of any kind of na-  
vigation, has not been bepestered with  
them? It is not my purpose to  
enter the list of disputants, lately  
sprung up, striving to prove that the  
immortal Fulton was not the first suc-  
cessful projector of a steamboat. In  
common with the world, I can but  
mourn over the poverty of history, that  
tells not of any previous successful ef-  
fort of the kind. Steam, no doubt,  
was known before. The first tea-kettle  
that was hung over a fire, furnished a  
clear development of that important  
agent. But all I can say now, is, that  
I never heard of a steamboat, before the  
"North River" moved her paddles on  
the Hudson; and very soon after that  
period, when it was contemplated to  
send a steamboat to Southern Russia, a  
distinguished orator of that day, in an  
address before the Historical Society of  
this city, eloquently said, in direct al-  
lusion to the steamboat: "The hoary  
genius of Asia, high throned on the  
peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glist-  
ening as he glances over the destruc-  
tion of Palmyra and Persepolis, of Jeru-  
salem and of Babylon, will bend with  
respectful deference to the inventive  
spirit of this western world;" proving,  
conclusively, that the invention was  
not only of this country, but that no  
other country yet knew of it. In fact,  
the invention had not yet even reached  
the Mississippi; for it was not until a  
year after, that a long-armed, high-  
shouldered keel-boatman, who had just  
succeeded in doubling a bend in the  
river, by dint of hard pushing, and run  
his boat in a quiet eddy for a resting  
spell, saw a steamboat gallantly pad-  
dling up against the centre current of  
that "Father of Rivers;" and gazing at  
the scene with mingled surprise and  
triumph, he threw down his pole, and  
slapping his hands together in ecstasy,  
exclaimed: "Well done, old Mississippi,  
pi! May I be eternally smashed, if  
you ha' n't got your match at last!"

But, as before hinted, it is not my  
design to furnish a conclusive history  
of the origin of steamboats. My text  
stands at the head of this article; and I  
purpose here to record, for the infor-

# THE BARDSTOWN HERALD.

JAMES D. NOURSE,  
Editor.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Commerce and News.

JAS. L. W. ELLIS,  
Publisher.

VOL. 2.

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 25, 1852.

NO. 45.

## JOB PRINTING.

We have, since the expiration of the first volume  
of the Herald, made several very necessary and  
handsome additions to our JOB OFFICE, which  
will enable us to get up our work in a style that can  
not fail to please.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS,  
BLANKS, BALL TICKETS, BILLS,  
POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, &c., &c.

will be printed on fine white or fancy paper, with  
Black, Blue, or Red Ink, on short notice. We are  
determined to use all means within our power to  
please those who favor us with their patronage.

GIVE US A CALL.

mation of all future time, a faithful  
history of "The First Locomotive."  
I am determined, at least, that that  
branch of the great steam family shall  
know its true origin.

In the year 1808, I enjoyed the never-  
to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle  
up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid  
first steamboat that ever moved on the  
waters of any river with passengers.—  
Among the voyagers, was a man I had  
known for some years previous, by the  
name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an  
industrious and ingenious worker in  
sheet-iron, tin and wire; but his greatest  
success lay in wire-work, especially in  
making "rat-traps;" and for his last and  
best invention in that line, he had just  
secured a patent; and with a specimen  
of his work, he was then on a journey  
through the State of New-York, for the  
purpose of disposing of what he called  
"county rights;" or, in other words, to  
sell the privilege of catching rats, ac-  
cording to his patent trap. It was a  
very curious trap, as simple as it was  
ingenious; as most ingenious things  
are, after they are invented. It was  
an oblong wire box, divided into two  
compartments; a rat entered one, where  
the bait was hung, which he no sooner  
touched, than the door at which he en-  
tered fell. His only apparent escape  
was by a funnel-shaped hole into the  
other partment, in passing which, he  
moved another wire, which instantly  
re-set the trap; and thus rat after rat  
was furnished the means of "following  
in the footsteps of his illustrious pre-  
decessor," until the trap was full.—  
Thus it was not simply a trap to catch  
a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped  
rats, ad infinitum. And now that the  
recollection of that wonderful trap is  
recalled to my memory, I would respect-  
fully recommend it to the attention of  
the treasury department, as an appen-  
dage to the sub-treasury system. The  
"specification" may be found on file in  
the patent-office, number eleven thou-  
sand seven hundred and forty-six.

This trap, at the time to which I al-  
lude, absolutely divided the attention  
of the passengers; and for my part, it  
interested me quite as much as did the  
steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could  
more easily comprehend its mystery.—  
To me, the steam-engine was Greek;  
the trap was plain English. Not so,  
however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found  
him studying the engine with great  
avidity and perseverance, inasmuch  
that the engineer evidently became  
alarmed, and declined answering any  
more questions.

"Why, you needn't snap off so ternal  
short," said Jabez; "a body would think  
you hadn't got a patent for your ma-  
chine. If I can't meddle with you on  
the water, as nigh as I can calculate,  
I'll be up to you on land one of these  
days."

These ominous words fell on my ear,  
as I saw Jabez issue from the engine-  
room, followed by the engineer, who  
seemed evidently to have got his steam  
up.

"Well," said I, "Jabez, what do you  
think of this mighty machine?" "Why,"  
he replied, "if that critter hadn't got  
riled up so soon, a body could tell more  
about it; but I reckon I've got a little  
notion on it; and then taking me aside,  
and looking carefully around, lest some  
one should overhear him, he "then and  
there" assured me in confidence, in  
profound secrecy, that if he didn't  
make a wagon go by steam, before he  
was two years older, then he'd give up  
invention. I at first ridiculed the idea;  
but when I thought of that rat-trap,  
and saw before me a man with sharp  
twinkling gray eyes, a pointed nose, and  
every line of his visage a channel of  
investigation and invention, I could  
not resist the conclusion, that if he  
really ever did attempt to meddle with  
hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multi-  
plied; but none dreamed, or if they did,  
they never told their dreams, of a steam-  
wagon; for even the name of "locomot-  
ive" was then as unknown as "loco-  
foco." When, about a year after the  
declaration of the last war with Eng-  
land, (and may it be the last!) I got a  
letter from Jabez, marked "private,"  
telling me that he wanted to see me  
"most desperately," and that I must  
make him a visit at his place, "nigh  
Wallingford." The idea of arms, and  
the destruction of insurance companies,  
the smashing of banks, and suspension  
of specie payments, and various other  
inseparable attendants on the show and  
"pomp and circumstance of glorious  
war," had, in the mean time, entirely  
wiped from memory my friend Jabez,  
and his wonderful rat-trap. But I obeyed  
his summons, not knowing but that  
something of importance to the army or  
navy might come of it. On reaching  
his residence, imagine my surprise,  
when he told me he believed he "had  
got the action!"

"Notion?—what notion?" I inquired.  
"Why," says he, "that steam wagon  
I tell'd you about a spell ago;" but, ad-  
ded he, "it has pretty nigh starved me  
out," and sure enough, he did look as if  
he had been on "the anxious seat," as  
he used to say when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguey  
nigh all the sheet-iron, and old stove-  
pipes, and mill-wheels, and trunnels,  
and in these parts; but I've succeed-  
ed; and for fear that some of these 'cute  
folks about here may have got a peep  
through the key-hole, and will trouble  
me when I come to get a patent, I've  
sent for you to be a witness; for you  
was the first and only man I ever hint-  
ed the notion to; in fact," continued he,  
"I think the most curious part of this

invention is, that, as yet, I don't know  
any one about here who has been able  
to guess what I'm about. They all  
know it is an invention of some kind,  
for that's my business, you know; but  
some say it is a thrashing machine,  
some a distillery; and, of late, they be-  
gin to think it's a shingle-splitter; but  
they'll sing another tune, when they  
see it spinning along past the stage-  
coaches," added he, with a knowing  
chuckle, "won't they?"

This brought us to the door of an old  
clap-boarded, dingy, long, one-story  
building, with a window or two in the  
roof, the knot-holes and cracks all care-  
fully stuffed with old rags, and over the  
door he was unlocking, was written, in  
bold letters, "No Admittance." This  
was his "sanctum sanctorum." I could  
occupy pages in description of it, for  
every part exhibited evidences of its  
uses. The patent-office, at Washing-  
ton, like your magazine, Mr. Editor,  
may exhibit "finished productions" of  
"inventive genius;" but if you could  
look into the port-folios of your con-  
tributors, in every quarter of the Union,  
and see there the sketches of half-fini-  
shed essays, still-born poems, links and  
fragments of ideas and conceptions,  
which "but breathed and died," you  
might form some notion of the accu-  
mulation of "notions" that were pre-  
sented to me, on entering the workshop  
of Jabez Doolittle. But to my text  
again—"The First Locomotive." There  
it stood occupying the centre of all pre-  
vious conceptions—rat-traps, churns,  
apple-pears, pill-rollers, cooking-  
stoves and shingle-splitters, which  
hung or stood around it; or, as my Lord  
Byron says, with reference to a more  
ancient but not more important in-  
vention:—

"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,  
A ray of immortality, and stood  
Star-like around, and they gathered to a God."

And there it stood, "the concentrated  
focus" of all previous rays of inventive  
genius—"The First Locomotive."

An unpaired, unpolished, unadorned,  
even-shaped mass, of double-ripped  
sheet-iron, with cranks, and pipes, and  
trunnels-heads, and screws and valves, al-  
l firmly based on four strongly-made  
travelling-wheels.

"It's a curious critter to look at," says  
Jabez, "but you'll like it better when  
you see it in motion."

He was by this time igniting a quan-  
tity of charcoal, which he had stuffed  
under the boiler. "I filled the boiler,"  
says he, "arter I stopped working her  
yesterday, and it hadn't leaked a drop  
since. It will soon give up; the cost is  
first-rate."

Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evi-  
dence of "troubled waters," when, by  
pushing one slide, and pulling another,  
the whole machine, cranks and piston,  
was in motion.

"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.  
"But," I replied, "it don't move."  
"You mean," said he, "the travelling  
wheels don't move; well, I don't mean  
they shall, till I get my patent. You  
see, he added, crouching down, "that  
trunnels-head, there—that small cog-  
wheel? Well, that's out of gear just  
yet; and I turn that into gear, by this  
crank, it fits, you see, on the main tra-  
velling wheel, and then the hull scrape  
will move, as nigh as I can calculate, a  
little slower than chain lightning," and  
a darn'd little too! But it won't do to  
give it a try, afore I get the patent.—  
There is only one thing yet," he contin-  
ued, "that I can't contrive—but that is  
a simple matter of stoppin' on her. My first  
notion is, to see how fast I can make  
her work, without smashing all to bits,  
and that's done by screwing down this  
upper valve; and I'll show you—"

And with that, he clambered up on  
the top, with a turning-screw in one  
hand, and a horn of soap in the other,  
and commenced screwing down the  
valves, and oiling the piston-rod and  
crank joints; and the motion of the  
mysterious mass increased, until all  
seemed a buzz.

"It is nigh about perfection, aint it?"  
says he.

I stood amazed in contemplating the  
object before me, which I confessed I  
could not fully understand; and hence,  
with the greater readiness, permitted  
my mind to bear off to other matters  
more comprehensible; to the future,  
which is always more clear than the  
present, under similar circumstances.—  
I heeded not, for the very best reason  
in the world, because I understood not,  
the complicated description that Jabez  
was giving of his still more complica-  
ted invention. All I knew was, that  
here was a machine, on four good sturdy,  
well-braced wheels, and it only re-  
quired a recorded patent, to authorize  
that small connecting cog-wheel or  
trunnels-head to be thrown "into-gear,"  
when it would move off, without oats,  
hay, or horse-shoes, and distance the  
mail-coaches. As I was surrounded  
with notions, it was not extraordinary  
that one should take full possession of  
me. It dawned upon me, when I saw  
the machine first put into motion, and  
was now full-orbed above the horizon  
of my desire; it was to see the first lo-  
comotive move off. The temptation  
was irresistible. "And who knows,"  
thought I, "but some prying scamp may  
have been 'peeping through the key-  
hole,' while Jabez was at work, and  
catching the idea, may be now at work,  
and at some clumsy imitation!"—and  
if he does not succeed in turning the first  
trick, may at least divide the honours  
with my friend?"

Jabez, said I, elevating my voice  
above the buzzing noise of the machine,  
"there is only one thing wanting."

"What is that?" said he eagerly.

"Immortality," I said; "and you shall  
have it, patent or no patent!" And  
with that, I pulled the crank that  
twisted the connecting trunnels-head  
into the travelling-wheels, and in an  
instant away went the machine, with  
Jabez on top of it, with the whizz and  
rapidity of a flushed partridge. The  
side of the old building presented the  
resistance of wet paper. One crash,  
and "the first locomotive" was ushered  
into this breathing world. I hurried to  
the opening, and had just time to clum-  
ber to the top of a fence, to catch the  
last glimpse of my fast departing  
friend. True to his purpose, I saw him  
alternately screwing down the valves,  
and oiling the piston-rod and crank-  
joints; evidently determined that, al-  
though he had started off a little unex-  
pectedly, that he would redeem the  
pledge he had given, which was, that  
when it did go, it "would go a leetle  
slower than a streak of chain-lightnin',  
and a darn'd little too!"

"Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,  
Like an arrow" he flew away!

But a moment, and he was here; in a  
moment he was there; and now where is he?  
or, rather, where is he not? But that for  
the present, is "neither here nor there."

"The vile Muslim ridiculed the belief so  
religiously cherished by the Christian Don,  
that in all the bloody conflicts that laid  
the crescent low in the dust, Saint lago, on a  
white horse, led on to battle, and secured  
triumph to the cross; but as this has now  
become matter of history, confirmed by the  
fact that on numerous occasions this iden-  
tical "warrior saint" was distinctly seen  
"pounding the Moors," successfully and  
simultaneously, in battle scenes remote  
from each other, thus proving his identity  
by saintly ubiquity, so we may safely in-  
dulge the belief, that the spirit, if not the  
actual body and bones, of Jabez Doolittle,  
stands perched on every locomotive that  
may now be seen in every direction, threat-  
ening its way at the rate of thirty miles an  
hour, to the total annihilation of space and  
time. "The incredulous, like the Moors of  
old, may indulge their unbelief; but for my-  
self, I never see a locomotive in full ac-  
tion, that I did not also see Jabez there, di-  
recting its course, as plain as I see the im-  
mortal Clinton in every canal-boat, or the  
equally immortal Fulton in every steam-  
boat."

Unfortunately, however, those, like Jabez  
Doolittle, started in their career of glory  
without a patent; trusting to far to an un-  
grateful world; and now the descendants of  
either may (if they pay their passage) in-  
terrupt the history that the time-worn grave-  
stones of their ancestors has secured to the age.

But my task is done. All I now ask is,  
that although some doubt and mystery hang  
over the first invention of a steamboat—in  
which doubt, however, I for one do not  
participate—none whatever may exist in  
regard to the origin of the locomotive  
branch of the great steam family; and that,  
in all future time, this fragment of authen-  
tic history may enable the latest posterity  
to retrace, by "backtrack" and "turn-out,"  
through a long railroad line of illustrious  
ancestors the first projector and contriver  
of "The First Locomotive," their immortal  
progenitor, Jabez Doolittle, Esq., nigh  
Wallingford, Connecticut."

[In the number of the Knickerbocker,  
succeeding the one in which the above ap-  
peared, we find the following characteristic  
letter from that golden hearted gentleman,  
WASHINGTON IRVING, which we also copy  
for the edification of our readers:]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR:—In your last number, I read, with  
great interest, an article, entitled "The  
First Locomotive." It throws light upon  
an incident which has long been a theme of  
marvel in the Far West. You must know  
that I was one among the first band of  
trappers that crossed the Rocky Mountains.  
We had encamped one night on a ridge of  
the Black Hills, and were wrapped up in  
our blankets, in the midst of our first sleep,  
when we were roused by the man who stood  
sentinel, who cried out "Wild fire, by—"

"We started on our feet, and beheld a streak  
of fire coming across the prairies, for all  
the world like lightning, or a shooting  
star. We had hardly time to guess what  
it might be, when it came up, whizzing,  
and clanking, and making a tremendous racket,  
and we saw something huge and black  
with wheels and traps of all kinds; and an  
old looking being upon it. In fact, some  
of our people thought it was the old gen-  
tleman himself, taking an airing in one of  
his infernal carriages; others thought it was  
the opening of one of the Revelations.—  
Some of the stoutest fellows fell on their  
knees, and began to pray; a Kentucky  
clucker up courage enough to hail the in-  
fernal coachman as he passed, and ask  
whether he was driving; but the speed with  
which he whirled by, and the rattling of  
his machine, prevented our catching more  
than the last words: 'Slam bang to eternal  
smash!' In five minutes more, he was a-  
cross the prairies, beyond the Black Hills,  
and we saw him shooting, like a jack a lan-  
tern, over the Rocky Mountains."

The next day we tracked his course.—  
He had cut through a great drove of buff-  
alo, some hundred or two of which lay cut  
up as though the butchers had been there;  
we heard of him after driving through a  
village of Black Feet, and smashing the  
lodge of the chief, with all his family.—  
Beyond the Rocky Mountains, we could  
hear nothing more of him; so that we con-  
cluded he had ended his brimstone career,  
by driving into one of the craters that still  
smoke among the peaks.

This circumstance, sir, as I said, has  
caused much speculation in the Far West;  
but my set it down as a "trapper story,"  
which is about equivalent to a traveller's  
tale; neither would the author of "Astoria"  
and "Bonneville's Adventures," admit it into

his works, though heaven knows he has  
not been over squeamish in such mat-  
ters. The article in your last number,  
above alluded to, has cleared up the  
matter, and, henceforth, I shall tell  
the story without fear of being hooted  
at. I make no doubt, sir, this sup-  
posed infernal apparition was nothing  
more nor less than Jabez Doolittle,  
with his locomotive on his way to As-  
toria.

"Who knows who knows what wastes  
He is now careering o'er?"

as the song goes; perhaps scouring  
California; perhaps whizzing away to  
the North Pole. One thing is certain  
and satisfactory; he is the first person  
that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains  
on wheels; his transit shows that those  
mountains are traversable with car-  
riages, and that it is perfectly easy to  
have a railroad to the Pacific. If such  
should ever be constructed, I hope, in  
honor of the great projector who led  
the way, it may be called the "Doolittle  
Railroad," unless that name should have  
been given as characteristic to  
some of the many railroads already in  
progress.

Your humble servant,  
HIRAM CRACKENTHOPE,  
of St. Louis.

[From the New York Tribune.

## BYARD TAYLOR'S LETTERS.

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

MESSINA, Sicily, Monday, Aug. 23, 18'2.

The noise of the festival had not ceased  
when I closed my letter at midnight, on  
Friday last. I slept soundly through the  
night; but was awakened before sunrise by  
my Sicilian landlord. "O, Excellenza! have  
you heard the Mountain?" He is  
going to break out again; may the holy  
Santa Agatha protect us!" It is rather  
ill-timed on the part of the Mountain, my  
voluntary first thought, that he should  
choose for a new eruption precisely the cen-  
tennial festival of the only Saint who is sup-  
posed to have any power over him. It shows  
a disregard of female influence not at all  
suited to the present day, and I scarcely  
believe that he seriously means it. Next  
came along the jabbering landlady: "I do  
not like his looks. It was just so the last  
time. Come, Excellenza, you can see  
him from the back terrace." The sun was  
not yet risen, but all the East was bright  
with his coming, and there was not a cloud  
in the sky. All the features of Etna were  
sharply sculptured in the clear air. From  
the topmost cone a thick stream of white  
smoke was slowly puffed out at intervals  
and rolled lazily down the Eastern side.  
It had a heavy, languid character, and I  
should have thought nothing of the appear-  
ance but for the alarm of my hosts. It  
was like a slow fire of Earth's incense,  
burning on the grand mountain altar.

I hurried off to the Post-Office to await  
the arrival of the diligence from Palermo.  
The office is in the Strada Etnica, the main  
street of Catania, which runs straight  
through the city, from the sea to the base  
of the mountain, whose peak closes the long  
vista. The diligence was an hour later  
than usual, and I passed the time in watch-  
ing the smoke, which continued to increase  
in volume, and was mingled from time to  
time with jets of inky blackness. The pos-  
sition said he had seen fires and heard loud  
noises during the night. According to  
his account, the disturbances commenced  
about midnight. I could not but envy my  
friend Cesar, who was probably at that  
moment on the summit, looking down into  
the seething fires of the crater.

At last we rolled out of Catania. There  
were in the diligence, besides myself, two  
women, Sicilians of the secondary class.  
The road followed the shore, over rugged  
tracts of lava, the different epochs of the  
vegetation. The last great floor (1679) stood  
piled in long ridges of terrible sterility,  
barely allowing the aloe and cactus to take  
root in the hollows between. The older  
deposits were sufficiently decomposed to  
nourish the olive and vine, but even here  
the orchards were studded with pyramids of  
the harder fragments, which are laboriously  
collected by the husbandmen. In the few  
favorable spots which have been untouched  
for so many ages that a tolerable depth of  
soil has accumulated, the vegetation has all  
the richness and vitality of tropical lands.  
The palm, orange and pomegranate thrive  
luxuriantly, and the vines almost break  
under their heavy clusters. The villages  
are frequent and well built, and the hills  
are studded, far and near, with the villas of  
rich proprietors, mostly buildings of one  
story, with verandahs extending their whole  
length. Looking up toward Etna, whose  
base the road encircles, the views are glo-  
riously rich and beautiful. On the other  
hand is the M. di Ierone and the irregular  
outline of the shore, here and there sending  
forth promontories of lava, colored by the  
waves into the most fantastic forms.

We had not proceeded far before a new  
sign called my attention to the mountain.  
Not only was there a perceptible jolt or vi-  
bration in the earth, but a dull, growling  
sound, like the muttering of distant thunder,  
began to be heard. The smoke increased  
in volume, and as we advanced further to  
the eastward, and much nearer to the great  
cone, I perceived that it consisted of two  
jets, issuing from different mouths. A  
broad stream of very dense white smoke  
still flowed over the lip of the topmost cra-  
ter and down the eastern side. As its  
breath did not vary, and the edges were  
distinctly defined, it was no doubt the sul-  
phureous vapor rising from a river of molten  
lava. Perhaps a thousand yards below,  
a much stronger column of mingled black  
and white smoke gushed up, in regular  
beats or pants, from a depression in the  
mountain side, between two small, extinct  
cones. All this part of Etna was scarred

with deep chasms, and in the bottom of  
those nearest the opening I could see the  
red gleam of fire. The air was perfectly  
still, and as yet there was no cloud in the  
sky.

When we stopped to change horses at  
the town of Aci Reale, I first felt the vio-  
lence of the tremor and the awful sternness  
of the sound. The smoke by this time  
seemed to be gathering on the side toward  
Catania, and hung in a dark mass about  
half way down the mountain. Groups of  
the villagers were gathered in the streets  
which looked upward toward Etna, and dis-  
cussing the chances of an eruption. "Ah!"  
said an old peasant, "the Mountain knows  
how to make himself respected. When he  
talks, every body listens!" The sound was  
the most awful that ever met my ears.  
It was a hard, painful moan, now and then  
fluttering like a suppressed sob, and had  
at the same time an expression of threat-  
ening and of agony. It did not come from  
Etna alone. It had no fixed location; it  
pervaded all space. It was in the air, in  
the depths of the sea, in the earth under  
my feet—everywhere, in fact; and as it  
continued to increase in violence, I ex-  
perienced a sensation of positive distress.

The people looked "anxious and alarmed,"  
although they said it was a good thing for  
all Sicily; that last year they had been in  
constant fear from earthquakes, and that an  
eruption invariably left the Island quiet for  
several years. It is true that during the  
last year parts of Sicily and Calabria have  
been visited with severe shocks, occasion-  
ing much damage to property. A mer-  
chant of this city informed me yesterday  
that his whole family had slept for two  
months in the vaults of his warehouse, fear-  
ing that their residence might be shaken  
down in the night.

As we rode along from Aci Reale to Ta-  
ormina, all the rattling of the diligence  
over the rough road could not drown the  
awful noise. There was a strong smell of  
sulphur in the air, and the thick pans of  
smoke from the lower crater continued to  
increase in strength. The sun was fierce  
and hot, and the edges of the sulphurous  
clouds shone with a dazzling brightness. A  
mounted soldier overtook us, and rode be-  
side the diligence talking with the positi-  
on. He had been up to the mountain and  
was taking his report to the Governor  
of the district. The heat of the day and  
the continued tremor of the air lulled me  
into a sort of a doze, when I was suddenly  
aroused by a cry from the soldier and the  
stopping of the diligence. At the same  
time there was a terrific peal of sound,  
followed by a jar which must have shaken  
the whole island. We looked up to Etna,  
which was fortunately in full view before  
us. An immense mass of snow-white  
smoke had burst up from the crater and  
was rising perpendicularly into the air, its  
rounded volumes rapidly whirling one over  
the other, yet urged with such impetus that  
they only rolled outward after they had as-  
cended to an immense height. It might  
have been one minute or five—for I was so  
entranced by this wonderful spectacle that  
I lost the sense of time—but it seemed  
instantaneous, (so rapid and violent were  
the effects of the explosion) when there  
stood in the air, based on the summit of the  
mountain, a mass of smoke four or five  
miles high, and shaped precisely like the  
Italian pine tree.

Words cannot paint the grandeur of this  
mighty tree. Its trunk of colored smoke,  
one side of which was silvered by the sun,  
while the other, in shadow, was lurid with  
red flame, rose for more than a mile before  
it sent out its cloudy boughs. Then part-  
ing into a thousand streams, each of which  
threw out its branching tufts of smoke, roll-  
ing and waving in the air, it stood in in-  
tense relief against the dark blue of the  
sky. Its rounded masses of foliage were  
dazzling white on one side, while in the  
shadowy depths of the branches, there was a  
constant play of brown, yellow and crim-  
son tints, revealing the central shafts of  
fire. It was like that tree celebrated in  
the Scandinavian sagas, as seen by the  
mother of Harold Hadrada—that tree,  
whose roots pierced through the earth,  
whose trunk was of the color of blood, and  
whose branches filled the uttermost corners  
of the heavens.

This outburst seemed to have relieved  
the Mountain, for the tremors were now  
less violent, though the terrible noise still  
droned in the air, and earth and sea.—  
And now, from the base of the tree, three  
white streams slowly crept into as many  
separate chasms, against the wall of which  
played the flickering glow of the burning  
lava. The column of smoke and flame  
was still hurled upward, and the tree, after  
standing about ten minutes—a new and  
awful revelation of the active forces of  
Nature—gradually rose and spread, lost  
its form, and slowly moved by a light  
wind, (the first that disturbed the dead calm  
of the day) bent over to the eastward.  
We resumed our course. The vast belt of  
smoke at last arched over the Strait, here  
about twenty miles wide, and sank toward  
the Calabrian shore. As we drove under  
it, for some miles of our way, the sun was  
totally obscured, and the sky presented the  
singular spectacle of two hemispheres of  
clear blue, with a broad belt of darkness  
driven between them. There was a hot  
sulphureous vapor in the air, and showers  
of white ashes fell from time to time. We  
were distant about fifteen miles in a straight  
line, from the crater, but the air was so  
clear, even under the shadow of the smoke,  
that I could distinctly trace the downward  
movement of the rivers of lava.

This was the eruption, at last, to which  
all the phenomena of the morning had been  
preparatory. For the first time in ten years  
the depths of Etna had been stirred, and  
I thanked God for my detour at Milita,  
and the singular hazard of travel which I  
had brought me here, to his very base, to wit-  
ness a scene, the impression of which I



THE HERALD.  
THURSDAY, - - NOVEMBER 25.  
[All Communications addressed to the Editor must be pre-paid.  
Single copies of the HERALD for sale at the Office. Price, 5 cents.]

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
One Square, on lines or less, first insertion, - \$0.75  
Each subsequent insertion, - \$0.50  
One square three months, - \$1.50  
One square six months, - \$2.50  
One square one year, - \$4.00  
Half column, one insertion, - \$0.50  
Half column, one month, - \$1.00  
Half column, three months, - \$1.50  
Half column, six months, - \$2.50  
Half column, one year, - \$4.00  
One column, one insertion, - \$0.75  
One column, one month, - \$1.25  
One column, three months, - \$1.75  
One column, six months, - \$2.75  
One column, one year, - \$4.50

Those who advertise for six months or one year have the privilege of changing and renewing on ex-acting out in three weeks.  
We hope that the above will be plain enough to be understood by all, and that all who advertise will act in accordance with our requirements, instead of trying to get out of us for the least possible. The Foreman of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining. This is without respect to persons; we have no disposition to do work cheaper for a close-fisted customer than for our liberal patrons, who are willing to let Printers live.

CASH.  
Since we have enlarged the BARDSTOWN HERALD our expenses have been considerably increased; we are therefore compelled to adopt the CASH SYSTEM. Our object in doing this is to enable us to meet promptly the demands on us for CASH for Paper, Ink, Labor, Office Rent, &c., &c. Could we collect as we go, it would be better for us as well as for our customers. From those who advertise yearly we expect payments quarterly.  
For all other Work and Advertising, this money must be paid when the work is done—the rule is without exception.

MEXICO.  
This ill-fated country seems to be approaching the last stage of disorganization. The treasury is bankrupt, the Central Government is utterly impotent for good or evil; every Province almost has its separate insurrection affording to bands of plunderers and assassins full license and impunity; French fleets are hovering on its coast to enforce the payment of debts due and acknowledged by the former Mexican Governments; England doubtless will also put in her claims; and will the United States look on and see the powers of Europe make themselves the executors and residuary legatees of a deceased Republic on her own borders? The eagles are beginning to gather around the carcass before life is actually extinct, and we think it likely the American eagle will not be absent from the final banquet. He has had his eye fixed for some time upon the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the Peninsula of California and the country west of the Rio Grande. If Mexico cannot maintain herself as an independent power and we can see no hope for her to do so, the United States will not permit any European power to obtain a foothold in her territory, or we much mistake the temper of our countrymen. It is a great and difficult problem which will probably soon claim a solution at the hands of our government.

Professor Dickey.  
On Tuesday night last we had the pleasure of listening to the introductory lecture of a series on science and art by this gentleman. Although the Professor was laboring under a severe indisposition, we soon perceived he was well posted on his subjects. He is a fluent speaker, easy, plain and entertaining in his illustrations. Those who would like to spend several evenings pleasantly and in the acquisition of knowledge would do themselves a favor by going to hear Prof. Dickey on these most interesting and useful subjects.

It is said that Louis Napoleon has transmitted orders to the French vessels of war in the neighborhood of Cuba to hold themselves subject to the orders of the Spanish Captain General. This confirms what was lately stated by the London Times, that France would join with Spain in resisting any attempt of the American people upon the island of Cuba. If we are not greatly mistaken stirring times are approaching and the new administration will have its hands full.

From the fact that three British vessels of war have arrived in the harbor of Havana, about the same time that the news has reached us of an arrangement between France and Spain by which French vessels in the West India seas are to be subject to the orders of the Captain General of Cuba, it is supposed that England and France are determined jointly to protect Spain in the possession of Cuba against the American filibusters. It is conjectured, however, by others that the object of the British may be merely to capture certain vessels engaged in carrying on the slave trade between Africa and Cuba. We shall see.

The autocrat of all the Russias has appointed a Consul General at the Sandwich Islands, for the purpose it is believed of watching the Americans with a view to checking our progress on the Pacific. The portents of a struggle between this republic and the great powers of Europe are thickening. Russia has possessions in North America which approach very near our north-western boundary.

An election was held last Saturday, the 20th, in the Louisville District, for a member of Congress, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Humphrey Marshall. Col. Wm. Preston, the Whig candidate was elected over Mr. Culvin Sanders, the nominee of the Democratic convention, by a majority of about 1700. This is a great triumph for Col. Preston, who, we venture to predict, is destined to be prominent in the politics of this country.

Can it be done!  
The London Athenaeum seems to think not, and presents the following catalogue of obstacles:

"Is it possible to connect the New World with the Old by means of a magnetic wire? This question is now occupying many minds in Paris, London, and New York. Every fresh experiment in the submergence of telegraphic cables seems to strengthen the hope that in time science will be able to put a belt beneath the sea, as well as a girdle round about the earth. But the obstacles are great, if not insurmountable. Fifty or a hundred miles of tubing, lying on the ocean bed, is a manageable amount of wires, easy to pay out at first, and possible to raise, examine and repair in case of accidents. But a cable three thousand miles long is another matter. True, there are certain points on the track between the two continents where it would be possible to fix the wires—for instance, the Three Chimneys and Jacques's Island. But the first of these projecting rocks is two thousand miles from London—only five hundred of which could be saved by making one of the westernmost parts of Kerry or Connemara the point of departure. Even supposing the wires were sunk off Dunmore Head, there would be three vast sea spaces, varying from nearly a thousand to fifteen hundred miles each, to cross; seas of unknown depth—the plumb having been let out five miles without reaching soundings—and of varied character. In some places it is known that the sea valleys vary from half a mile to two miles of hollow; and many of the ridges consist of hard, water-worn and sharp pointed rocks, which, in a violent sea, it may be feared, would be likely to abrade and sever the metallic ropes. Immense spaces of the Atlantic bed are covered with gigantic sea weeds, of unknown strength and thickness; and it is imagined that the lightning wires, once imbedded in a thousand miles of these tenuous plants, could not be again raised for any purpose. How far these impediments may be surmounted, it is for science to decide—but in the meantime a project has been started which has for its object to avoid them altogether. This is to be done by changing the route, and making the journey as much as possible overland. Starting from the most northern part of the main land of Scotland, it is proposed to throw an electric wire to Orkney, Shetland, and the Faroe Islands—to carry it thence to Iceland and the east coast of Greenland—thence onward to a point on Davis's Straits, near the Arctic Circle—and so to Cape Walsingham. Another submarine wire would then carry the lines across Hudson's Straits to Upper Canada. Though the distance by this route would be much greater than through the Atlantic Ocean, the submerged wires would be about five hundred miles shorter. The number of stations by the island route would be far greater—and the wire would have to pass through the territories of a third power—Denmark, and over immense tracts of uninhabited and unexplored country."

[For all that, we think it will be done; and by this generation, too!—Home Journal.]

Gen. Pierce—The Filibusters—Gen. Scott—Post-Office Decision.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Nov. 11, 1852.  
An intimate personal friend of Gen. Pierce, who came recently from Boston, says the President elect will not entertain the subject of the distribution of spoils even with his particular friends—that he has not made up his mind at all what course of policy he shall pursue, and has not and will not make any indication thereof for the present. Meantime the Filibusters are making ready for a descent on Cuba as soon as the present administration goes out. They expect Douglas to take the department of State, and to do the Diplomatic Engineering for them here. One thing is quite certain; they have plenty of money and a sufficiency of men and muskets. They have reliable information from the Island, and 800 men—Cuban Refugees—for pilots, who know respectively every part of the coveted country intimately. They had better not fall into the hands of the present administration.

The statement that Gen. Scott attributed his defeat to *The Herald* was so grossly absurd as to excite no notice here. It was only intended by the ex-Senatorial correspondent of that paper to lift it out of the mire and filth into decent association. Gen. Scott never reads it, and could not, if he wished, express the loathing which he feels for everything connected therewith. His proud form was never more erect, nor his eagle eye brighter than it is to-day. He stands alone amid the wreck—grand and unconcerned like a light-house after a dreadful storm. His bosom has been often bared to the storms of war; his heart's blood has always been ready if his country's altar required the sacrifice, and he would to-morrow, if war should come, leave his fireside and his family, and forgetting all the ingratitude he has received, lead the army, as of old, to victory. A truer, more patriotic heart than that bosom carries, never beat.

The Postmaster-General has decided that there is nothing either in the laws or regulations of the Post-Office Department, which prevents the sending of periodicals or papers to "actual and bona fide subscribers," by agents or dealers, the same as if they were mailed directly from the office of publication—all former decisions to the contrary notwithstanding. The first section of the new law embraces the case.

Yours,  
KORNER.  
The vote in this State is as follows: Scott 56,711; and Pierce 53,361. Scott's majority is 3,347.

THE VOTE OF 1851-52.  
Our readers will find below the official vote for Governor in 1851, and we will give the vote for President [official] as fast they reach us.

1851				1852			
First District.				First District.			
Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.	Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Ballard,	269	340	260	328			
Caldwell,	670	819	731	874			
Calloway,	208	713	189	815			
Critt'n'd'n,	393	425	296	486			
Fulton,	157	261	152	233			
Graves,	468	945	443	971			
Hopkins,	678	803	737	809			
Hickman,	134	358	155	379			
Livingston,	241	313	312	257			
Marshall,	173	571	132	627			
McCracken,	400	373	355	416			
Trigg,	525	580	560	629			
Union,	486	622	499	612			
Total,	4,881	6,983	4,954	7,436			

Second District.			
Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Wh'ridge, 772	458	842	440
Butler, 255	239	312	269
Christian, 926	822	714	546
Daviess, 822	816	1027	711
Edm'nd's'n, 155	204	203	218
Grayson, 392	434	438	394
Hancock, 278	213	249	205
Henderson, 397	698	616	635
Meade, 545	224	618	230
Muhl'n'bg 638	577	814	553
Ohio, 553	635	645	579
Total, 5,914	5,451	6,508	4,780

Third District.				
	Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Allen,	334	528	280	454
Barren,	1217	1078	1119	967
Logan,	1184	388	1296	384
Monroe,	357	407	377	350
Simpson,	380	401	389	380
Todd,	609	431	552	422
Warren,	1079	671	982	600
Total.	5,888	4,553	4,995	3,557

Fourth District.				
	Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Adair,	375	503	382	531
Boyle,	548	308	603	323
Casey,	368	246	474	230
Clinton,	173	295	276	318
Cum'bund,	428	193	501	157
Green,	409	434	422	487
Lincoln,	576	314	674	338
Pulaski,	662	701	700	609
Russell,	404	182	437	195
Taylor,	254	442	268	524
Wayne,	513	435	463	342

Fifth District.				
	Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Anderson,	252	641	292	606
Bullitt,	325	454	403	446
Hardin,	846	617	1007	619
Larue,	368	363	417	348
Marion,	680	750	782	763
Mercer,	490	966	594	914
Nelson,	857	509	958	487
Spencer,	335	346	331	340
Whiting's	587	705	442	407
Total.	4,737	5,353	5,226	4,930

Sixth District.				
	Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
ay,	261	165	278	185
ill,	422	352	358	322
oyd,	218	379	165	222
rrard,	814	272	865	236
lan,	395	75	327	65
nson,	59	427	64	299
nel,	321	264	372	185
tcher,	61	92	63	78
nson,	718	513	976	541
ley,	273	226	299	326
rry,	126	161	130	77
ke,	279	267	221	194
castle	401	137	336	94
itley,	422	203	358	143

Seventh District.				
	Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Carroll,	426	433	338	354
Henry,	735	971	744	983
Jefferson,	949	1034	977	1034
Louisville	2199	1984	2688	2757
Oldham,	403	531	388	486
Shelby,	1107	703	1184	753
Trimble,	299	533	300	491
Total,	6,122	6,334	6,619	6,858

Eighth District.				
	Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Bourbon,	921	474	978	528
Fayette,	1216	817	1376	810
Franklin,	809	867	834	759
Jessamine,	557	504	556	476
Owen,	493	1094	505	1186
Scott,	685	1001	729	888
Woodford,	675	408	706	419
Total,	5,253	5,064	5,684	5,066

Ninth District.				
	Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
th,	721	918	587	785
Leathitt, 116		311	96	234
ter,	174	575	180	497
urke,	874	379	842	322
eming,	928	788	888	698
enup,	420	493	737	660
wreance,	364	392	385	362
ewis,	369	522	400	503
nt'g'mry	676	577	578	589
rgan,	352	700	316	509

Tenth District.				
Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pier ce.	
Boone,	782	813	800	769
Bracken,	723	592	638	517
Campbell,	338	804	577	1098
Gallatin,	325	402	372	411
Grant,	349	546	437	572
Harrison,	720	906	802	947
Hart,	475	578	457	588
Kenton,	798	1189	975	1384
Knox,	359	303	487	164
Mason,	1366	890	1337	896
Nicholas,	646	827	592	721
Pendleton,	256	636	262	570

10,000 lbs. Rags wanted at this Office, for which Cash will be paid.

The Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

[From the London Athenaeum we take the following notice of Capt. Stansbury's "Expedition to the Great Salt Lake," recently published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia. The article is made up mainly of extracts from the work, judiciously taken, and is exceedingly interesting.]

Arthur's Home Gazette.

The existence of a vast lake of salt water somewhere amid the wilds west of the Rocky Mountains has been known since 1689; when Baron La Hontan wrote an account—La Hontan, however, seems to have been as much indebted to imagination as to observation—of his discoveries in that region. Some attempts have since that time been made to explore its shores; but Capt. Stansbury's party are the first white men that have made the circuit of its waters. The results of the Captain's observations, which were carried on with much skill and immense labor, make the circumference of the lake, exclusive of its set, to be 291 miles. The neighborhood around is on the same gigantic scale—consisting of deserts 60 and 70 miles across, separated from each other by precipitous rocky eminences of great elevation. Many of these deserts Capt. Stansbury says would furnish extended plains, absolutely level, upon which a degree of the meridian could be measured to great advantage.

This inland sea is believed by Capt. Stansbury to have been in a past age of infinitely greater extent. He says:—"Upon the slope of a ridge connected with this plain, thirteen distinct successive benches, or water-marks, were counted, which had evidently, at one time, been washed by the lake, and must have been the result of its action continued for some time at each level. The highest of these is now about two hundred feet above the valley, which has itself been left by the lake, owing probably to gradual elevation occasioned by subterranean causes. If this supposition be correct—and all appearances conspire to support it—there must have been here at some former period a vast inland sea, extending for hundreds of miles; and the isolated mountains which now tower from the flats, forming its western and southern shores, were doubtless huge islands similar to those which now rise from the diminished waters of the lake."

The first view that the party obtained of this extraordinary lake is well described in the following words:

"At our feet and on each side lay the waters of the Great Salt Lake, which we had so long and so ardently desired to see. They were clear and calm, and stretched far to the south and west. Directly before us, and distant only a few miles, an island rose from 800 to 1,000 feet in height, while in the distance other and larger ones shot up from the bosom of the waters, their summits appearing to reach the clouds. On the west appeared several dark spots, resembling other islands; but the dreary haze hovering over this still and solitary sea, threw its dim, uncertain veil over the more distant features of the landscape, preventing the eye from discerning any one object with distinctness, while it half revealed the whole, leaving ample scope for the imagination of the beholder. The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade both air and water; and, excepting here and there a solitary wild duck floating motionless on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen. The night proved perfectly serene, and a young moon shed its tremulous light upon a sea of profound, unbroken silence. I was surprised to find, although so near a body of the saltiest water, none of that feeling of invigorating freshness which is always experienced when in the vicinity of the ocean. The bleak and naked shores, without a single tree to relieve the eye, presented a scene so different from what I had pictured in my imagination of the beauties of this far-famed spot, that my disappointment was extreme."

This intense repose is broken at times by the presence of myriads of wild fowl.

"The Salt Lake, which lay about half a mile to the eastward, was covered by immense flocks of wild geese and ducks, among which many swans were seen, being distinguishable by their size and the whiteness of their plumage. I had seen large flocks of these birds before, in various parts of our country, and especially upon the Potomac, but never did I behold anything like the immense numbers here congregated together. Thousands of acres, as far as the eye could reach, seemed literally covered with them, presenting a scene of busy, animated cheerfulness, in most graceful contrast with the dreary, silent solitude by which we were immediately surrounded."

The water is described as one of the purest and most concentrated brines known in the world, clear and transparent as the diamond; and on analysis it was found to contain twenty per cent. of pure chloride of sodium, with about two per cent. of other salts. Of course such a compound must possess an extraordinary buoyant property; and Capt. Stansbury thus relates his bathing experiences:

"No one, without witnessing it, can form any idea of the buoyant properties of this singular water. A man may float, stretched at full length, upon his back, having his head and neck, both his legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of water. If a sitting position be assumed, with the arms extended to preserve the equilibrium, the shoulders will remain above the surface. The water is nevertheless extremely difficult to swim in, on account of the constant tendency of the lower extremities to rise above it. The brine, too, is so strong, that the least particle of it getting into the eyes produces the most acute pain; and if accidentally swallowed, rapid strangulation must ensue. I doubt whether the most expert swimmer could long preserve himself from drowning, if exposed to the action of a rough sea."

In many places in the vicinity of this singular lake, the ground is thickly covered with salt, presenting a most curious and deceptive appearance.—"The first part of the plain consisted simply of dried mud, with small crystals of salt scattered thickly over the surface. Crossing this, we came upon another portion of it, three miles in width, where the ground was entirely covered with a thin layer of salt in a state of deliquescence, and of so soft a consistency that the feet of our mules sank at every step into the mud beneath. But we soon came upon a portion of the plain where the salt lay in a solid state, in one unbroken sheet, extending apparently to its western border. So firm and strong was this unique and snowy floor that it sustained the weight of our entire train, without in the least giving way or cracking beneath the pressure. Our mules walked upon it as upon a sheet of solid ice. The whole field was crossed by a network of little ridges, projecting about half an inch, as if the salt had expanded in the process of crystallization. I estimated this field to be at least seven miles wide and ten miles in length. How much farther it extended northward I could not tell; but if it covered the plain in that direction as it did where we crossed, its extent must have been very much greater. The salt, which was very pure and white, averaged from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and was equal in all respects to our finest specimens for table use. Assuming this data, the quantity that here lay upon the ground in one body, exclusive of that in a deliquescent state, amounted to over four and a half millions of cubic yards, or about one hundred millions of bushels."

Amongst the other peculiarities of this region, we are informed that the excessive dryness of the air caused the wood-work of the wagon wheels to shrink so much that there was great danger of their falling asunder, and it was only by sinking them in a stream during the night, that the Expedition was enabled to proceed with them. From the same cause the wood-work of the mathematical instruments was rent and split, in some cases breaking the tubes, and otherwise causing serious damage. The mirage on the shore of the Lake where the ground was moist and oozy was very great, and gave rise to optical illusions the most grotesque and fantastic.

The difficulties which the party had to encounter were very great—so that the journey from Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri, to a distance of less than 1200 miles, occupied the Expedition about twelve weeks. But the obstacles in the road to the Salt Lake dwindled into insignificance when compared with the difficulties in its immediate vicinity. In one place, Capt. Stansbury says:

"At two o'clock, in the afternoon, we reached the western edge of the plain, when to our infinite joy we beheld a small prairie or meadow, covered with a profusion of good, green grass, through which meandered a small stream of pure, fresh, running water, among clumps of willows and wild roses, artemisia and rushes. It was a most timely and welcome relief to our poor, famished animals, who had now been deprived of almost all sustenance for more than sixty hours, during the greater part of which time they had been in constant motion. It was, indeed, nearly as great a relief to me as to them, for I had been doubtful whether even the best mule we had could have gone more than half a dozen miles further. Several of them had given out in crossing the last plain, and we had to leave them and the baggage behind, and to return for it afterward. Another day without water, and the whole train must have inevitably perished. Both man and beast being completely exhausted, I remained here three days for refreshment and rest. Moreover, we were now to prepare for crossing another desert of seventy miles, which, as my guide informed me, still lay between us and the southern end of the lake. He had passed over it in 1845, with Fremont, who had lost ten mules and several horses in effecting the passage, having afterward encamped on the same ground now occupied by our little party."

The importance of the exploration so gallantly conducted by Capt. Stansbury is indicated by the fact, that the Valley of the Great Salt Lake is the only point between the Missouri and the Pacific Ocean whence supplies of provisions can be procured—and it is of the utmost consequence, therefore, that it should be considered in any scheme for a road across this vast continent to California.

MR. CHARLES E. NOURSE having sold his interest in the Grocery Store of Wilson & Nourse to Messrs. J. M. & J. G. Wilson. Those indebted will not delay in paying up their accounts without delay. WILSON & NOURSE.

November 12, 1852—1f

THE business will be continued at the same stand, by J. Wood Wilson and his sons, Jasper M. and Joseph G. Wilson, under the style of J. Wood Wilson & Co. They hope to be enabled to retain the custom of the house and increase its patronage. Should they fail it will not be for want of an accommodating spirit and careful attention to business







Engraved by T. B. WELCH ESQ.,  
after the original portrait painted by  
T. SULLY, ESQ.

This Portrait will be a match for the  
Washington, and is in every respect as  
well got up.